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YOU WANT A SET OF THERMOS BOTTLES

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Keeps cold drinks cold or hot drinks hot.



moved, and what do you think I beheld? An enormous, rusty, musty, dusty and hideous clock!

"Yes," he continued, "a real, antique, Elizabethan, musical clock. It plays six tunes of the period; and, what's more, look at the initials graven on the fa .- W. S.' I've very little doubt that it once belonged to Shakespeare himself, who was very fond of mechanical inventions. I shall have, of course, to have it repaired and done up, and then it will look splendid in the dining room."

He quite took my breath away; I could only ejaculate: "Where on earth did you pick it up, and what dld you pay for it?"

"At the sale of an old house. Every one said it was ridiculously cheap, and that they'd have given twice as much if only they had known. Just think, only a hundred dollars! Why, I could get two hundred for it any day."

White elephants were nothing to this disgusting "horologue," as I found it described in the catalogue. It cost twenty dollars to put right, and then it smashed twenty dollars' worth of things in being fixed up. It sometimes played its miserable so-called tunes so rapidly that you had to stuff your fingers in your ears; at others, it emitted a spasmodic and raven-like croak that was positively alarming. At last, thank heaven, it stopped-"never to go again;" and I firmly resolved that not one penny more should be spent in "doing it (and us) up." Add to this that I subsequently discovered a Geneva maker's name inside. I could wish that I had been more stern on this first occasion; but I was weak, like too many young wives, and was satisfied with a scolding. The result was that we gradually became deluged with the most miserable miscellany of rubbishy bric-a-brac, damaged furniture, dubious pictures and, in a word, the refuse of the auction room. To believe my husband, we were the proud possessors of Cromwell's hat, Byron's tooth-brush, one of Sheridan's I O U's, a curl of Marie Antoinette's, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a George Morland (I believe this latter is the evil genius of the Picker-up), and a whole roomful of split and useless "Chippendale" and "Sheraton," etc. And all had been acquired at "sales which had a history," at an "absurd sacrifice," and to the admiration of the disappointed bystanders I saw that the flendish habit was gradually growing upon him, like drink or gaming. I hope I know my duty: I resolved to protect myself and him; and, after an awful scene ensuing on his acquisition of an infected sedan chair. I exacted from him a solemn pledge to give up this pernicious habit once and forever.

But I was inexperienced; I should have known the male mind better. Deterred from the open pursuit of his nefarious designs, he determined to smuggle his purchases in secret. I had observed him lingering somewhat suspiciously over the auction advertisements of the dailies, and I noticed also that his coat pockets bulged out curiously on his nightly return. One day I had occasion to tidy (as a good wife should periodically do) the escritoire of his dressing room. What do you think I found? The drawers, the pigeon-holes, the interstices even, were literally crammed with heaps of cracked and tarnished trifles-pouncet boxes, enameled knife handles, embossed watch cases, pocket revolvers and the like. I was horrified. It was too true; debarred by the dread of discovery from "picking up" big things, he had resorted, under a miserable subterfuge, to small. But my presence of mind did not desert me. I have a strong will, and I vowed that our child's inheritance should not thus be squandered. My husband kept a handsome volume in which he recorded minutely a description, the prices and the dates of his purchases of this miscellaneous collection. My mind was made up. I numbered and ticketed every one of these horrible knickknacks with my own hands. I compiled their catalogue, and I headed it as follows:

Continued on page 13

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